

Poetry.

[From the Atlantic Monthly for February.]
At Port Royal—1861.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The tent-lights glimmer on the land,
The ship-lights on the sea;
The night wind smooths with drifting sand
Our track on lone Tybee.

At last our grating keels outside,
Our good boats forward wing;
At last while we ride the land-locked tide,
Our negroes row and sing.

For dear the bondman holds his gifts
Of music and of song;
The gold that kindly nature sifts
Among his sands of woe.

The power to make his toiling days
And poor home comforts please;
The quiet relief of mirth that plays
With sorrow's minor keys.

Another glow than sunset's fire
Has filled the west with light,
Where field and garner, barn and byre
Are blazing through the night.

The land is wild with fear and hate,
The route runs mad and fast;
From hand to hand, from gate to gate,
The flaming brand is past.

The lurid glow falls strong across
Dark faces broad with smiles;
Not there the terror, hate and loss
That fire you blinding piles.

With our strokes tuning to their song,
They weave in simple lays
The pathos of remembered wrong,
The hope of better days.

The triumph note that Marian sung,
The joy of unaged birds;
Softening with Arctic's mellow tongue
Their broken Saxon words.

Oh, praise us! tanks! De Lord he come
To set the people free;
An' massa tink it day ob doom,
An' we ob jubilee.

De Lord at heap de Red Sea waves,
He just as 'tong as den;
He say de word; we las' night slaves;
To day de Lord's freedom.

The yam will grow, de cotton blow,
We'll hab de rice an' corn;
Oh, nebbur you fear, if nebbur you hear
De driver blow his horn!

Oh, massa on he troubles gone;
He leab de land behind;
De Lord's bress blow him fuder on,
Like corn-shuck in de wind.

We own de hoe, we own de plow,
We own de hands dat hold;
We sell de pig, we sell de cow,
But nebbur chile he sold.

De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
We'll hab de rice an' corn;
Oh, nebbur you fear, if nebbur you hear
De driver blow his horn!

We pray de Lord; he gib us signs
De North wind tell it to de pines,
De wild duck to de sea;
We tink it when de church-bell ring.

We dream it in de dream;
De rice bird mean it when he sing,
De eagle when he scream;
De yam will grow, de cotton blow.

We'll hab de rice an' corn;
Oh, nebbur you fear, if nebbur you hear
De driver blow his horn!

We know de promise nebbur fall,
An' nebbur he de word;
So, like de posties in de jail,
We waited for de Lord.

An' now he open chere door,
An' trow away de key;
He tink we lab him so before
We lab him better free.

De yam will grow, de cotton blow,
He'll gib de rice an' corn;
So nebbur you fear, if nebbur you hear
De driver blow his horn!

So sing our dusky gondoliers;
And with a secret pain,
And smiles that seem akin to tears,
We hear the wild refrain.

We dare not share the negro's trust,
Nor yet this hope deny;
We only know that God is just,
And every wrong shall die.

Rude seems the song; each swarthy face,
Flame-lighted, ruder still;
We start to think that hapless race
Must shape our good or ill;

That laws of changeless justice land
Oppressor with oppressor;
And, close as and suffering joined,
We march to Fate abreast.

Sing on, poor hearts! your chant shall be
Our sign of blight or doom—
The Vain song of Liberty,
Or death-tune of our doom!

Correspondence.

Letter from the Eighth Regiment.

PORT ROYAL, S. C., Feb. 9th, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—The days of November,
December, January, and even the present
month is fast slipping by, and still, here we
are,—the 8th Maine,—occupying the same
identical portion of this "Southern Confederacy," as was allotted us the day we disembarked.

We live, move and have a being
within the limits of our dominion, and are
allowed to step over the boundary line which
separates our own door yards from this broad
expanse of "sandy bottom," only with a
pass from the Col. This is not exactly "red
tape" regulations, but it is the way they
do in the army. I do not suppose that the
same number of citizens would be contented
here, and would consider it confinement, but
for good disciplined soldiers, this room is
considered ample.

It seems to me the object for which we
enlisted is fast receding from our mortal
view. Our bright hopes which inspired us
at the outset, are dwindling down as day
succeeds day, and must by and by give place
to utter indifference. At one time we were
possessed with true genuine ambition; for
what else was it that induced us to quit our
beloved homes, and our quiet, pleasant and
profitable domestic labors and join the army?

Was it for the pleasure of being hurried from
place to place, principally by night, for a few
months, and at last settle down in a cotton
field, upon a remote island in South Carolina?

Was it for love of romance? or was it
a matter of dollars and cents—a covetous
spirit in view of the promised remuneration—
the \$13 per month for which we were to
hazard our lives? If so, what wonder
that our hearts sickened with disappointment?
Oh, nonsense! It was not till we had full
confidence in our own patriotism, that we
ventured to accept the invitation to go forth
to fight our country's battles. We thought
we knew what we were about. Did a friend
suggest that we might be killed? No matter.
Our determination was unwavering, and
to tarry longer would be to afflict our
hearts with the guilt of treason. No we
would go and while we hoped to return, we
did not hope to become a nuisance—a
useless sinner in the mighty arm which is to
strike this rebellion down. But here we
are, and can't help it. Whatever may be
our desires, our interests, or our feelings,
any way, they are passed by unnoticed and
uncared for.

But what if our motives were pure, can
they not be poisoned? What does it matter
to us whether we fight, run, wrestle, work

Ellsworth American.

"We Live in Deeds, not Years; in Thoughts, not Breaths."

VOL. VIII, NO. 5.

ELLSWORTH, ME., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1862.

\$1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

or play, so long as we are paid for it. But we are not paid. No matter, we expect it and perhaps are sure of it. Ah yes! we expect it. What business then have we to grieve, even if our wives do write to us that her dear children are suffering with hunger and cold,—we expect our money. Yes, and we have expected it for the last three months, but in vain. We know that our families are dependent on our hands for support, but what are we to do? Oh Heavens! there are times that try men's souls! Had we known that such would have been the case, we must certainly have hesitated much longer than we did, and bitter indeed must have been the hour on which we took our leave from home. We call upon our patriotic friends at home to lend a hand in this time of need. Have you a few shillings more than your present wants demand; lend it to the Lord, by making a bestowal of it upon our families. Make our homes comfortable, and our prayers shall be offered in your behalf.

Hoping this rebellion may soon close, I remain,
Respectfully Yours,
Gouldsboro'.

PORT ROYAL, S. C., Feb. 10th, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—Another painful yet important duty is that to record the second death of C. G. George D. son of Richard Phillips, Dedham, Me. was the victim.

Although a youth about 18 years of age, of mild temperament and possessed with intellect and the vigor of manhood, yet God called him and he is gone. We regret our loss as we would regret the loss of a good soldier, but the bereaved relatives must mourn their loss, as no doubt, they would a beloved son and brother. But he has no less died for his country, than scores before him, who have shed their blood on the battle field, yet we speak for ourselves when we say, speaking of the two deaths, that we should prefer the latter. But he has gone according to God's appointed way, and it remains for Him to say who shall be the next to follow.

Before we close it may be well to state for the satisfaction of his friends, that in health and sickness he was respected and cared for, and military honors attended his burial, and may we not regret, as civilized beings, to render that respect for the dead, as our circumstances allow.

The deceased was taken down with the typhoid fever, and after a few days of severe sickness was slightly recovering, when on the eve of the 9th inst., he yielded to a severe attack of the diphtheria,—skillful medical attendance notwithstanding.

Gouldsboro'.

Miscellaneous.

Awkward Jeremiah.

BY CAROLINE F. PRESTON.

A young gentleman, fashionably dressed and with the air of one who would be at home in society, reached Boston, towards evening, by the Fitchburg Railroad. He proceeded at once to a hotel, not wishing to intrude upon his relatives at that hour, and took a comfortable supper. After this he read the evening papers and then went out for a stroll on Washington street.

On his way he passed Vinton's well known establishment, and it being a warm evening, decided to go in and have an ice cream.

He accordingly ordered one, and while waiting to have it served, had an opportunity to look about him a little and take a leisurely survey of the company assembled. These were chiefly ladies, and to those who are at all familiar with Boston ladies, I need not say that the faces are very well worth looking at.

Our hero's attention, however, was attracted to two young ladies who sat at the table nearest his own. They were apparently about the same age, which could not have varied much from eighteen. Both, too, were quite attractive in personal appearance.

They were conversing together in quite an animated strain on a variety of subjects. At length one said:

"By the way, Emma, have I told you about the visitor we are expecting?"

"No," said the other.

"It's a cousin from the country, who, I suppose, will be a perfect rustic in every respect. Such fun as I expect to get out of him."

"What is his name?"

"Jeremiah Onthank. I expect he will want us to call him Jerry."

The other young lady laughed. "His name is rustic enough certainly," she said. "You must be sure and give me a chance to see him. Mustn't keep him all at yourself, Alice."

"I don't intend to. I want somebody else to enjoy the fun."

"Do you know how he looks?"

"No, but I can imagine. In the first place he is tall and awkward, not knowing what to do with his hands and feet, wearing cowhide boots, and a full suit of blue, including swallow-tails, studded plentifully with brass buttons. There, what do you say to that picture?"

Emma laughed.

"I say this," she replied, "that if he at all answers your description, he will make a decided accession to our society. When do you expect him?"

"To-morrow. Uncle wrote that Jerry, as he calls him, will probably arrive at that time."

"I guess I shall make an errand to drop in by that time."

"Do it, by all means."

With these words they rose from the table and left the room.

The young man had listened to their conversation with an air of mingled amusement and vexation. Not to keep the reader in suspense we will tell him what he has probably surmised, that the

chance listener to the young ladies' remarks was none other than Jeremiah Onthank himself. He was quite the reverse of the picture his cousin had drawn, being as we have said, very gentlemanly, both in dress and address. He was born in Vermont where his father, a good, honest farmer, still lived; but had enjoyed the advantages of education in a college in New York, where he had an opportunity to mingle in society. This fact was quite unknown to his cousin. In fact they were not first cousins, although the indefinite relationship was most conveniently expressed by that term. Hitherto the two families had known but little of each other.

"I will pay her off," said the young man to himself, with a smile.

The next morning he visited a ready-made clothing establishment.

"Have you any blue suits?" he asked.

"We have none made up recently," they are not fashionable in the city you know."

"I am aware of that but I intend to do a little masquerading."

"Want to personate a countryman?" said the clerk smiling.

"Precisely."

"Then I think I can accommodate you. Not long since, a countryman called in ordered such a suit as you desire, but having been fleeced of his money by some sharpers, was obliged to leave them on our hands."

"The very thing!" exclaimed young Onthank.

"There is only one thing. He was not so tall as you, and they may be somewhat short in the sleeves and legs."

"All the better. Such is the traditional country fashion. Will you let me see them?"

The suit was accordingly shown.

Our hero at once put it on, and could not help laughing at the metamorphosis which it produced in his appearance. He hardly recognized himself.

"I think I will keep it on," he said, "and have the others sent to my hotel. I want two articles more: some cowhide boots and a flaming red bandanna, and then I shall be fully equipped."

The last mentioned articles were not difficult to procure.

An hour afterwards he knocked at the door of his relative's aristocratic residence.

"Is Alice to him?" he inquired of a servant.

"I believe so," said the latter, staring at him with eyes wide open.

"Then go and tell her that her cousin Jerry wants to see her. If she's frying doughnuts or anything, tell her I kin wait in the sittin'-room."

The servant stifled a laugh, went up and reported the arrival to Alice.

"O, charming!" she said, "I was just thinking what I should do for amusement. I'm so glad he's come."

Alice descended and entered the drawing-room.

There stood before her the embodiment of the picture she had drawn the evening before.

"How do you do, cousin Alice? I'm Jerry Onthank. Expected me didn't ye?" So saying he strode toward his cousin, and grasped her taper fingers in a painful squeeze.

"I'm very well, thank you," said she, suppressing a smile with difficulty. "I hope you left your family well."

"Fast rate! Dad's alive and kicking, and mam's so's to be about—all well except the white heifer—she's took sick, and I'm afraid she won't get over it."

"That's a great pity certainly," said Alice with much sympathy.

"I guess you'd think so. That ere critter used to give fifteen quarts of milk a day, which did five dollars to the milkman for three cents a quart. Most half a dollar a day clean gone."

"It is certainly quite melancholy."

"Yes," says he hesitatingly, looking perplexed.

"When did you arrive in Boston?"

"Last night."

"Where did you put up?"

"To the Tremont house. What d'ye yer think? That play stage driver that took me there charged thirty-seven cents! I guess he seed that I was from the country, and wanted to cheat me."

"I believe that is the regular price," said Alice.

"Well, what then?"

"That's just a man's question," pouted Kitty. "And I suppose you have not observed how old-fashioned my bonnet is getting?"

"Why I thought it looked very neat and tasteful since you put on that velvet winter trimming."

"Of course—you men have no taste at all in such matters."

We were silent for a moment. I'm afraid we both felt a little cross and out of humor with one another. In fact, on my journey home, I had entertained serious thoughts of exchanging my old silver watch for a more modern timepiece of gold, and had mentally appropriated the ten dollars to further that purpose. Savings bank reflections had come later.

As we sat before the fire, each wrapped in thought, our neighbor, Mr. Wilmot, knocked at the door. He was employed at the same store as myself, and his wife was an old family friend.

"I want you to congratulate me," he said, taking a seat. "I have purchased that little cottage out on the Bloomingdale road to-day."

"What! that beautiful little wooden cottage with the piazza and lawn and fruit garden behind?"—exclaimed Kitty, almost enviously.

"Is it possible?" I cried. A little cottage home of my own, just like that I had often admired on the Bloomingdale road, had always been the crowning ambition of my life—a constant and almost hopeless point, but no less earnestly desired.

"Why, Wilmot," said I, "how did this happen? You've only been in business eight or ten years longer than I, at a salary but a trifle larger than mine, yet I could as soon buy a mint as purchase a cottage like that."

"Well," said my neighbor, "we have all been working to this end for years. My wife has darned, patched, mended and saved—we have lived on plain fare, and done with the cheapest things. But the magic charm of the whole affair was, that we laid aside every penny that was not needed by actual and positive want. Yes I have seen my wife lay by red coopers, one by one. Times are hard, you know, just now; the owner was not what you call an economical man, and he was glad to sell even at a moderate price. So you see that even hard times help me."

When our neighbor was gone Kitty and I looked meaningfully at one another. "Harry," said she, "the rug isn't so bad after all, and my green silk will do a year longer, with care."

"And a silver watch is quite as good for all practical purposes as a gold repeater," said I. "We will set aside all imaginary wants."

"The ten dollar bill must go to the bank," said Kitty, "and I'll economize the coppers just as Mrs. Wilmot did. Oh, how happy she will be among the roses in that cottage garden next spring!"

Our merry tea-kettle sang us a cheerful little song over the glowing fire that night, and its burden was, "Economy, and a home of our own amid the roses and country air."

Alice visited Vermont, as invited. Her visit is likely to be a long one, as she has become the wife of the awkward Jeremiah.

How to Earn a Home.

A STORY FOR THE HARD TIMES.

The other evening I came home with an extra ten-dollar bill in my pocket—money that I had earned by out-of-doors work. The fact is, I'm a clerk in a downtown store, at a salary of \$600 per annum, and a pretty wife and baby to support out of it.

I suppose this income will sound amazingly small to your two and three thousand-dollar office holders, but nevertheless, we contrive to live very comfortably upon it. We live upon one floor of an up-to-date little house, for which we pay \$150 per annum, and Kitty, my wife, you will understand, does all her own work, so that we lay up a neat little sum every year. I've got a balance of two or three hundred dollars at the savings bank, the hoard of several years, and it is astonishing how rich I feel. Why Rothschild himself isn't a circumstance to me.

Well, I came home with my extra bill, and showed it triumphantly to Kitty, who, of course, was delighted with my industry and thrift.

"Now, my love," said I, "just add this to our account at the bank, and with interest to the end of the year."

Fortwith, I commenced casting interest, and calculated in my brain. Kitty was silent, and rocked the cradle, musingly with her foot.

"I've been thinking, Harry," said she, after a moment's pause, "that since, you have got this extra money, we might afford to buy a new rug. This is getting dreadful shabby, my dear, you must see."

I looked dolefully at the rug; it was worn and shabby enough, that was a fact.

"I can get a beautiful new velvet pattern for seven dollars," responded my wife.

"Velvet—seven dollars," groaned I.

"Well, then, a common tufted rug like this would cost only three," said my cautious better half, who, seeing she couldn't carry her first ambitious point, wisely withdrew her guns.

"That's more sensible, said I. "Well, we'll see about it."

"And there is another thing I want," continued my wife, putting her head coaxingly upon my shoulder. "And it's not at all extravagant either."

"What is it?" I asked, softening rapidly.

"I saw such a lovely silk pattern on Canal street this morning, and I can get it for six dollars—only six dollars, Harry! It's the cheapest thing I ever saw."

"But, haven't you got a very pretty green dress, Kitty?"

"That old thing? Why, Harry, I've worn it ever since we've been married."

"Is it soiled or ragged?"

"No, of course not; but who wants to wear the same old dress forever! Every body knows it is the only silk I have."

"Well, what then?"

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"You cannot." "I must, I will! Where is my boy?" "You cannot see him."

"I must see him—I must see my boy!" They took him into the room, and turned down the sheet; and when he saw him he cried out, "Oh my God!" and fell back senseless. That clergyman told me—and I have his name in my note book—"One year from that day I buried his body, brought from a lunatic asylum, to lay by the side of his wife and child." Young man, thank God for your safety, if you have ever dared to tamper with that which disturbs the action of the brain, and brings man to a point where he knows not what he is about. It is risky business to touch the brain, and it is the business of alcohol to do it.—J. B. Gough.

Important Document.

Executive Orders Concerning State

white handkerchief as a signal that the rebels had concluded to surrender.

The rebels had proposed to cut off our passage up Cranston Sound by *chevaux de frise* of stakes extending from the main land to the head of Cranston Island, but our gunboats forced their way through and commenced the impetuous pursuit of the enemy's fleet which had been drawn up behind this barrier.

New York, Feb. 14th.

The gunboat Massachusetts arrived to-night from Ship Island 4th inst. She has a valuable cargo of coffee, cotton, &c. taken from prizes. The Niagara was cruising in Texan waters. The troops are in excellent health. Capt. Marcy of the Vincennes had died from injuries by the recoil of a gun.

Special despatch to the Times, 17th. Fort Donelson 15th inst.

Fort Donelson surrendered at daylight this morning, unconditionally.

Generals Bueller, Johnson, Buckner, 15,000 prisoners and 2000 horses.

Generals Pillow and Floyd, with their brigades, ran away on steamers, without letting Bueller know their intentions.

Gen. Smith led the charge on the lower end of the works, and was first inside the fortifications. The Fort Henry runaways were lagged here. The prisoners are now going on board the steamer for Cairo.

Our loss is heavy, probably four hundred killed, a eight hundred wounded.

We lost a large percentage of officers, among them Lieut. Col. Erwin, 20th Illinois, White of the 31st and Smith of the 48th.

Colonels John A. Logan, Myers and Ransom are wounded.

Major Post has 200 prisoners and prisoners and have gone to Nashville, having been taken the night before the surrender.

The enemy's loss is heavy, but not so large as ours, as they fought behind intrenchments.

We should have taken them by storming Saturday, if our ammunition had not given out in the night.

McClelland's division, composed of Ogle, Wallace's and McArthur's brigades, suffered terribly. They were composed of the 8th, 9th, 11th, 18th, 20th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 45th, 48th and 49th Illinois.

General Lewis Wallace, with the 11th Indiana, 8th Missouri, and some other regiments, participated.

Taylor's, Wheeler's, McAllister's, Schwartz and Devis's batteries were in the fight from the commencement.

The enemy turned our right for half an hour, but our lost ground was more than regained.

Lawman's brigade, of Smith's division, was first in the lower end of the enemy's works, which was done by charge bayonets.

As nine-tenths of the rebels were killed against our right, our forces on the right were ready to recommence the attack on Sunday morning. They were met on their approach by a white flag, Buckner having sent early in the morning a despatch to Gen. Grant surrendering.

The works of the fort extend some five miles on the outside.

The rebels lost 40 field pieces, 17 heavy guns, and 20,000 stand of arms.

The rebel troops were completely demoralized, and have no confidence in their leaders, as they charge Pillow and Floyd with deserting them.

Our troops, from the time of the investment of the fort on Wednesday, lay on their arms night and day, half the time without provisions, all the time without tents, and a portion in a heavy storm of rain and snow.

Fort Donelson was surrendered at 9 o'clock yesterday morning to the land forces. The gunboats were present at the time. An immense amount of war material are among the trophies of victory. Floyd skulked away the night before the surrender.

The gunboats Carondelet, Capt. Walker, has arrived at Cairo.

A large number of our wounded have been brought to the Paducah and Cairo hospitals.

This city is wild with excitement and joy. The news was read at the Union Merchants' Exchange, creating the greatest enthusiasm.

The Star Spangled Banner, Flag of Our Union, and Red, White and Blue, waving by all present. The people then marched to headquarters, 1500 strong, where three cheering cheers were given for Halleck and Foote.

Mr. Halleck appeared at the window and thanked the people for their hearty demonstration and said:

"I promised when I came here, with your aid, to drive the enemy's flag from your State. This has been done; and it is now virtually out of Kentucky, and will soon be out of Tennessee." [Cheers for the Union.]

The "Star-Spangled Banner" was played, and the crowd dispersed.

Judge Holt wept for joy when he heard the news.

Many of the stores are closed, and the city is being decorated with flags.

Governor Yates, Secretary Hatch, and Auditor Dubois, of Illinois, left for Fort Donelson this morning to look after the wounded of the Illinois regiments.

A requisition has been made for all the steamboats in this vicinity to hold themselves in readiness for the transportation of Government stores and troops.

Cairo, 17th.

The Union flag floats over Fort Donelson. The Carondelet, Capt. Walker, brings the glorious intelligence. The fort surrendered at 9 o'clock yesterday (Sunday) morning.

Generals A. Sydney Johnson and Buckner, and 15,000 prisoners, and a large amount of materials of war, are the trophies of the victory. Loss heavy on both sides.

Floyd, the traitor, stole away during the night previous with 5000 men and is denounced by the rebels as a traitor.

I am happy to inform you that Flag Officer Foote, though suffering with his foot, with the noble characteristic of our navy, notwithstanding his disability, will take up immediately two gunboats, and with the eight mortar boats, which he will overtake, will make an immediate attack on Clarksville, if the state of the weather will permit.

We are now firing a national salute from Fort Cairo, General Grant's last post, in honor of the glorious achievement.

[Signed] GEO. W. CULLEN.

Brig. Gen. of Volunteers, U. S. A., and Chief Staff of Engineers.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., 16th.

The following is a special despatch to the St. Louis Democrat:

According to the latest advice the Federal army is in vigorous pursuit of the rebels. Gen. Price's army of 20,000 men, 20 miles from here, on Friday evening, and our forces five miles in the rear, preparing to make an early start in pursuit the next morning. Gen. Price had placed his train in advance. About 100 wagons, containing supplies for him were brought into this place from Forsyth only a few hours before his retreat.

The rebel sympathizers here claim that Gen. Price will be reinforced by 12 or 15 regiments from Bentonville, Ark., under Van Dorn, but General Sigel, who was advancing on the rebel columns by a different route than that pursued by General Curtis, may strike a blow on their flank and upset Gen. Price's collections.

Four rebel officers and 13 privates fell into our hands on Friday and are now here. The officers are the notorious Col. Freeman, Maj. Barney, Aid-de-Camp to Gen. McBride, Captain Dickinson, Chief Engineer, and Captain Donnell, Quartermaster.

A pony Express with relay posts, has been established by Capt. Baldwin between Rolla and this point.

WAR DEPARTMENT, Washington, 17.

War Bulletin.

To Brigadier General F. W. Lander: The President directs me to say that he has ob-

served with pleasure the activity and enterprise manifested by yourself and the officers and soldiers under your command. You have shown how much may be done in the worst of weather and worst roads by a spirited officer at the head of a small force of brave men, unwilling to waste life in camp when the enemies of their country are within reach.

Your brilliant success is a happy presage of what may be expected when the Army of the Potomac shall be led to the field by their gallant General.

By order of the President.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

WASHINGTON, 17th.

Yesterday the military telegraph, the lines of the American Telegraph Company, and those of the Western Union Company, were connected with the headquarters of Major General McClellan, and put in direct communication with General Buell at Louisville, General Halleck at St. Louis, and Commodore Foote at Cairo. The distance travelled by the electric current was 1300 miles.

Commodore Foote was telegraphed to in the morning till six in the evening, with the promptness of personal interview, and not only gave entire satisfaction, but called forth the warmly expressed admiration of the distinguished correspondents.

Honors follow swift on the heels of victory. Immediately on the receipt of the telegraphic news announcing the capture of Fort Donelson, the Secretary of War sent the name of General Grant to the President for nomination to the Senate as Major General, as a reward for his gallant services.

WASHINGTON, 17th.

This afternoon Gen. Halleck telegraphed to Gen. McClellan the gratifying news that Gen. Curtis, in his pursuit of Gen. Price's fleeing army, has so far been eminently successful. He had, up to yesterday, captured one Colonel, one Lieutenant Colonel, two Captains and more privates than he could carry, possibly, justly take due notice of.

This morning, it is said, he has succeeded in breaking up Gen. Price's army.

The War Department to-day received by express a number of sections flags, trophies of the victories at Mill Springs and Fort Henry.

The Secretary of the Navy has sent a congratulatory letter to Commodore Foote and Commander G. B. Hodge.

The officers and men under their respective commands are also highly complimented for their heroic achievements accomplished under extraordinary circumstances, and after surmounting great and almost insuperable difficulties, while the hearts and wishes of the nation have been with them through the long trials they have endured. Most sincerely the Secretary says, we rejoice with you on the success which you have obtained.

New York, 18th.

The Tribune's Washington despatch says it is reported to-night upon the authority of a telegraph from Gen. Banks, that Mr. Faubus has within a few days made a speech at Martinsburg in which he expressed the opinion that the rebellion was a failure, and advised his hearers to make the best terms possible for themselves with the United States.

The Herald's Washington despatch says a section of Griffin's battery experienced today with the new Schenke plunger, using Parrott's ten pound percussion shell.

They fired from Minor's Hill, a distance of 1000 yards. All the shells exploded, and every shot came in close proximity to the target.

Hon. Henry L. Davies, of Massachusetts, was taken ill yesterday, and is quite seriously indisposed at his residence, corner of Eighth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue.

Fortress Monroe, 17th.

A flag of truce brought over a lady from Norfolk.

We have received no newspapers from the South, but we understand that *The Norfolk Daily Book* of this morning makes no mention of the surrender of Fort Donelson, but reports the contest as still going on.

Nothing additional has been received from Savannah.

The gunboat Harriet Lane arrived from Washington last night. Although fired at on her passage down the Potomac, but one shot struck her, slightly injuring her wheel house.

A contraband came in from the camp Saturday night, having started Saturday morning. He brings no information of value.

A severe rain storm has prevailed all day. There are no signs of its clearing up.

The Stars and Stripes, Jersey Blue, and other steamers for Hatteras are still detained.

Baltimore, 18th.

It is rumored by the passengers of the Old Point boat that news had reached Norfolk of the surrender of Savannah without firing a gun. There is nothing corroborative.

C. C. Mills, publisher, and Thos. S. Pigott, editor, of the notorious rebel sheet *The South*, were yesterday arrested and taken to Fort Mifflin.

PORTLAND, 18th.

The bells were rung and a salute of 24 guns fired this noon in honor of the Fort Donelson victory.

The 13th Maine regiment, Col. Neal Dow, has just arrived and are marching through the city. They will leave at 2 o'clock and arrive in Boston about 9 this evening.

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A Cairo special despatch of the 18th inst. states that Col. Buford with a small force went down the river today, reconnoitering, and when within four miles of Columbus heavy cannonading was heard, but it was not regular. On moving across the river where he could obtain view, he discovered a heavy cloud of smoke covering a large space, and he believed the rebels are dismounting their guns and blowing up the magazine preparatory to evacuating.

A large number of rebel prisoners were brought down yesterday who belonged to the Cumberland River, and as they passed their houses looked wistfully for some face of recognition. Many were under the impression that they would be paroled, and when they found they were to be sent North were ready to take any sort of an oath. Two thirds manifested a desire to return to their allegiance. Some acknowledged that they have been humbugged into their present position.

Six thousand prisoners have already arrived here. The only way they can be procured, as soon as transportation can be procured.

A special despatch from Fort Donelson dated 18th inst. says two more regiments were captured to-day to the east of the intrenchment. Numbers of rebel troops came in and delivered themselves up.

Twelve thousand stand small arms were taken. Many of the rebels destroyed their arms, and a large number were thrown into the river. There are two water batteries here. The upper one has a heavy rifled gun of 32 pound bore and two 32 pounders carmades. The lower battery contained eight 32 pounders and 2 10-inch Columbiad mounted in embrasures. Two thousand barrels of flour, 1200 boxes of beef, and a large quantity of other provisions were found.

The whole day has been occupied in examining prizes, gathering up stores, munitions, and burying the dead. There are a great number of dead rebels still unburied. Taylor's battery was charged on five times Saturday, each time repulsing the enemy with great slaughter.

It is currently reported that Governor Harris of Tenn., has ordered all Tennesseans to lay down their arms.

St. Louis, 18th.

A special despatch to *The Democrat* from Springfield, the 18th inst., says Gen. Curtis has driven the rebel army toward Arkansas. At ten o'clock Sunday night we were 60 miles south of Springfield. The federal flag now floats in Arkansas.

Several skirmishes have taken place in the mountain defiles. We had six wounded. The rebels had 16 killed and a large number of prisoners.

New York, 19th.

The Times' Washington despatch says that Andrew Johnson, proceeds to Nashville as Gen. Buell's army is in possession, to assist in organizing a provisional Government.

The Herald's Washington despatch says that when Gen. McClellan was asked today by a Cabinet Officer if he had any news of the capture of Clarksville, he replied: "Nothing—but the army have one day's rest, and will give you all the news you want."

The Secretary of War has referred the case of Gen. Stone to Gen. McClellan, and the latter has ordered a court martial, but the court has not yet been organized, and it is a question whether it will be during the present active operations.

Com. Dupont writes to this city that in a few days from the date of his writing a most brilliant victory may be expected from his expedition.

S. A. Allen has been appointed agent to accompany our forces into Tennessee to take charge of the cotton crop in behalf of the Government.

The Tribune's Washington despatch says that Gen. Lander's resignation has not been received here, and the people who know his impatience for a fight pray it may not come.

A private letter from New Orleans, dated 10th inst., says there exists a large Union sentiment, and the people begin to express their feelings pretty freely. There is no doubt that on the approach of the Federal the city will be surrendered without any fighting.

PHILADELPHIA, 18th.

There is a rumor, said to come from Washington, that Stephens of Georgia has resigned the Vice Presidency of the Rebellion, and favors the return to the Union. Very little confidence can be placed in it.

St. Louis, 18th.

The following despatch was sent from headquarters to Gen. McClellan:

The Flag of the Union is floating in Arkansas. Gen. Curtis has driven Price from Missouri and is several miles across the Arkansas line, cutting off Price in the rear, and hourly capturing prisoners and stores. The army of the Southwest is doing its duty nobly.

[Signed] H. W. HATFIELD, Major General Commanding.

WHEELING, 18th.

The Constitution Convention adjourned this evening after 59 days' session. The free State measure was defeated. Commissioners, however, were appointed, with power to reassemble the Convention in case the new State is not recognized by Congress. This provision is supposed to look to a free State.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Feb. 17th.

The Santa Fe mail, with dates of Jan. 21, has arrived. Gen. Sibley's command of 2000 Texans and eight field pieces, two being 32-pounders, advanced as far as Santa Barbara, but for some unaccountable reason, had retired in the direction of El Paso. Col. Canby, with 1300 regulars, and 2000 New Mexico volunteers, is after him. Brigadier General Hovey and state troops, but Santa Fe on the last inst. for the scene of action. The plaza has been well guarded, to prevent its destruction. Several copies of Sibley's proclamation have been seized by the authorities.

The Kiowas, Camanches, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Sioux and portions of the Apache Indians, are concentrating at Pawnee Fork to hunt buffalo.

Foreign News.

Opening of Parliament.—The Queen's speech.—The Motion and Sidel Indroglia.—The Mexican Question.

Latest Telegram to Queenstown.—The Tuscany left Coves on Thursday morning for the world.

The Spanish ministry deny any arrangements have been made for Mexico, and say that the Mexicans must be free to choose their own Government.

The Paris Monitor says the allies must complete their work giving in accordance with the wishes of the Mexican nation a strong and durable Government to Mexico.

France borrows from two to four millions of English capitalists for a brief period to sustain the Bourse during the conversion of the 4-1/2 per cent.

PARIS, 6th.

A committee has been appointed by the Minister of Foreign Affairs for the regulation of the indemnity due from Mexico to France. The Mexican minister at Paris will have no relations with M. Thouvenin, but remains in Paris in a private capacity.

MADRID, 6th.

The Sumter is still lying at St. Roch, Gibraltar, with not funds enough to pay the expenses she has incurred.

The U. S. Minister at Cadix has given a banquet to the former prisoners of the Sumter. The following toasts were given:—"Peace to America."—"The Queen of Spain."

The Austrian Government declined the offer to protest against exchanging Venetia for the throne of Mexico.

BRUSSELS, 6th.

The Independence Bells says that England accepts the Monarchical candidate for Mexico in condition of the Mexicans freely consenting to it.

Bucharest, 6th. The insurgents marching against Bucharest fled on the approach of the government troops. A mob of 150 peasants were surrounded and arrested.

Queen's speech at the opening of Parliament.

My Lords and Gentlemen: We are commanded by Her Majesty to assure you that Her Majesty is persuaded that you will deeply participate in the affliction by which Her Majesty has been overwhelmed by the calamity of the untimely and irreparable loss of her beloved consort, who has been her comfort and support. It has been soothing to Her Majesty, while suffering most acutely under this awful dispensation of Providence to receive from all classes of her subjects the most cordial sympathy with her sorrow.

Her Majesty's relations with all the European powers continue to be friendly and satisfactory, and Her Majesty trusts there is no reason to apprehend any disturbance of the Peace of Europe.

A question of great importance and which will have led to very serious consequences arose between Her Majesty's and the Government of the United States of America, owing to the seizure and forcible removal of the passengers from on board a British mail packet by the commander of a ship-of-war of the U. S. That question has been satisfactorily settled by the restoration of the passengers to British protection and by the disavowal by the U. S. Government of the act of violence committed by their naval officer. The friendly relations between Her Majesty and the President of the U. S. are therefore unimpaired.

The month of February opening with short and sharp have been the battles fought and won by the land and naval forces during this month; and rapid and telling have been the lessons experienced by the rebels. But short and sharp have been the victories over rebel Generals, reeking with treason and stained all over with the rank and stench of their impotence and result: ant consequences, new riddles, will be the month of January.

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